

✓ POST NATURE PICTURES ✓

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1921

"THE CLOUD" ✓

1- Opening Title - "Post Nature Pictures" ✓

2- I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky.

3- I pass thro' the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

4- For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air.

5- I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

6- I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams.

7- I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

8- When rockt to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

9- I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast.

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10- And all the night 't is my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

11- Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits.

12- Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me.

13- Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea.

14- Over the rills and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains.

15- Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains.

16- And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

17- The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread.

18- From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.

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19- And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love.

20- And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depths of heaven above.

21- With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

22- That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn.

23- And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer.

24- Then I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen thro' me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

25- THE END.

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